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[FROM THE "GILT BRANCH"]

ISABELLE
The Lost and Restored.

BY LILLIAN LINN.

Had I been blessed with a mother's watchful love, I might have been other than I have been; had her guiding hand trained my wayward feet in infancy, there might have been less hours of woe in store for me, and fewer blighted years. But no such blessed lot was mine; she only lived to press her babe to her bosom and then with a kiss and blessing for her husband and child, closed her eyes on earth for a happier land. My father, too, died in my childhood. Left to the care of relatives who indulged my every whim, I soon learned my power. My will was law, my slightest wish obeyed. Petted, spoiled and self-willed, I grew up to womanhood with no wish ungratified, no passion unrestrained, and at the age of eighteen made my debut in the fashionable world. Gay, beautiful and accomplished, I was much admired, and for a time reigned supreme, the life and the star of the bright circle in which I moved. Yet underneath all the pride and passion of my nature lay an undercurrent of tenderness and deep feeling, waiting but for some master hand to touch the hidden spring and bid its warm fountains gush forth into new life and beauty. Suitors thronged around me, and with honeyed words and hollow hearts, laid their offerings at my feet; but from them all I turned proudly away, save one—Gay Lawrence was a perfect specimen of manhood; handsome, dignified and reserved, so different from the butterfly throng; when others flattered he was silent; when others praised he only smiled. Yet there was a magic power in the rich tones of his manly voice which drew me away from the giddy throng and bound me a captive prisoner at his side. I thought it his wealth and spotless name which caused me to launch my barque with his on the troubled sea of life, and learned not till long years afterward the whole soul worship which thrilled my being for him. Surrounded with every luxury which the most delicate taste and unbounded wealth could lavish; with a husband who idolized me, for a time our splendid home seemed an Eden of bliss. Gradually I withdrew from the gay world till when two years had flown and a sweet babe smiled on my bosom, I thought myself wholly weaned from its snares and fascinations. It was a new joy to watch the expanding of that immortal bud, and in the few brief months of its young existence I experienced a new, strange happiness unknown before. And yet 'twas a little thing which sundered our hearts and well nigh wrecked the happiness of two lives—Had my babe lived my heart might have remained pure and true, and its stormy passion waves forever slumbered in their sluggish beds. But God took my idol from me, and left my soul-shrine desolate. I watched the closing of the violet eyes, and the last flutter of the little life, while o'er my heart settled a dark despair. In that hour of bitterness and trial, my husband forgetting his own great sorrow, strove by new acts of love and devotion to break the fatal spell which was destroying my young life. We went more into society, frequented places of amusement and in scenes of pleasure and excitement I strove to drown the memory bell which tolled out their ceaseless chimes on my soul. We went one evening to hear an Italian singer—I was enraptured, entranced; I marked the kindle of the glorious eyes, as the crowd thundered their applause, and noticed the rich hue which mantled cheek and brow as he poured forth his voice, and longed like her to stand where an admiring world should cast their glittering laurels at his feet.

In that hour a new ambition fired my soul; I went from that place with a strange, wild purpose burning within my bosom. There was a wild sparkle in my eye, and an unnatural glow on my usually pale cheek, as on reaching home I made known my purpose to my husband. He only smiled at my earnestness, saying he could never allow the charms of his darling to be exhibited to the public gaze, and drawing my head down to his bosom breathed soft, soothing words in my ear, telling me that there must be the treasure he had won and won forever rest, sheltered from the cold world's sneers. Ah! he little knew then, my husband, the fatal spell which had even then taken possession of my soul. It haunted my night dreams, and day by day gained new strength upon me till my whole life and being seemed centered in that wild desire. We had many subsequent conversations on the subject, and by every method and entreaty I strove to gain my object, but all to no purpose; he who was gentle and yielding in sight, else was firm and unbending in this. One day I sought my husband with a firm resolve to gain my point even though his priceless love should be the sacrifice.

There was a thoughtful, serious look resting on his face as I entered his presence which I had never seen there before. Could it be the fearful foreboding of the dark winged evil near. I seated myself on a low couch at his side, and with all the earnestness of my nature pleaded my cause. I had expected reasoning and reproaches, but none fell upon my listening ear; I looked up into the searching eyes bent above me, and read in their calm, unimpassioned gaze, an answer to my pleadings. I was saddened, wild; I threw the circling arms from me and stood up before him in all the pride and dignity of my womanhood. Oh, in that hour of passion and blindness I forgot my woman's mission, my wife's duty, all, all save that one wild longing which held captive my soul. Bitter words were on my tongue, words which echoed through my soul-deeps long afterwards of a home and life far away where no tyrant husband should bend my will, to his. As I turned to leave his presence my husband cast upon me such a look of mingled pity and tenderness, a look which haunted me through all the weary years of our estrangement and separation.

That night I left my husband's side when I thought him sleeping and hastily prepared for flight. Selecting a few articles from my wardrobe, together with a few mementos of past hours, my fingers sought the door knob when a strange, unaccountable impulse caused me to turn and gaze once more on the face which had been so dear to me. A few faint beams of the rising moon struggled in through the half closed shutters falling on the brown locks with a dim glory. An anxious and troubled expression rested on the pale features, (the old look of yesterday) his slumbers seemed restless and disturbed.

I thought I heard my name murmured in his dream, and bending low I caught the words, "O, Isabelle, come back to me!" O, how those pleading tones pierced my very soul and well nigh unfelt my purpose, but the siren finger of fate was beckoning me on, on, and heeding not the voice of love and duty, my feet pressed the stairway. The door of our little parlor stood ajar, and I could not resist the impulse once more to stand within its hallowed retreat. I paused a moment by the low easement where I had sat so many happy hours; the vines seemed never to have twined so gracefully, or the June roses to have blossomed so sweetly there before. In one corner hung my guitar, with its silken strings neglected and unstrung, and there as I left it, with its music book open at its favorite song, stood my piano, silent and still, while the blue eyes of my lost darling looked down reproachfully upon me from the wall. Casting one long lingering look on each familiar thing, my feet crossed the threshold and trod the winding pathway to the little mound beneath the willows. I plucked one white rose from the hallowed spot, and went forth alone into the cheerless night. Morning found me at a railway station bound, not knowing whither or where. I had seen an advertisement in the daily papers, of a celebrated music teacher, residing in a large town about one hundred miles distant, and thither I resolved to direct my wandering feet. On, on, the iron steed bounded every moment bearing me from the ties of kindred and home. Stranger eyes bent their curious glances upon me, that one so young, so beautiful, should be traveling alone and unprotected, and I shrank away from their cruel, searching gaze, like the guilty thing it was.

Night found me in a strange place, without a friendly roof to shelter my weary head. O, in that hour of desolation how the lone dove yearned for its lost home nest in the safe retreat of a husband's love; but my wayward heart had forfeited all claim to the priceless treasure. 'Twas a rugged, thorny pathway my blind will had marked out before me, and now I must reap the consequences of my own rashness and folly. I secured for myself private lodgings, sought out the old tutor, who received me with a kind, encouraging smile, sounded my voice, and for its depth and clearness, pronounced it very fine, assuring me, by care and cultivation, of a brilliant success. I placed myself under his instruction and toiled hopefully, unceasingly, hardly allowing myself time for food and repose. At the end of three months I was considered competent for my new vocation, and made my debut on the stage, as a pupil of the celebrated Gerard de Noval. The brilliancy of the gas lights, the sea of human faces turned upon me at the rising of the curtain in the first act, so completely bewildered me, that for a moment my senses seemed paralyzed with fear, and my voice thrilled forth a low, trembling strain, like the wail of a frightened bird; but gradually, as I became accustomed to the sight, strength and courage came to my aid, and forgetting the scene around me, I poured my whole soul into the work before me. The intense stillness of the listening crowd, broken only by the deep murmurs of applause at the conclu-

sion of every song, alone told my triumph. From that time my fame was established in the musical world. I sang in every town and city within three hundred miles from my former home, winning fresh laurels everywhere, while every lip and tongue echoed the praise of Gabrielle, the queen of song, (for thus they had styled me, as I would not suffer my spotless name; the name of my husband so loved and revered, to become the theme for gossip among the gay world. Everywhere I moved, an admiring train followed in my trail, seeking to learn the birth and history of the new star, which had so suddenly arisen in the world of song. Costly gifts, rare bouquets and gilded *let d'ore*, breathing passionate words of love and adoration, found their way to my boudoir; but all were powerless alike to move my heart, for its secret portals were guarded by a holy talisman, 'e'en Gay Lawrence's priceless love.

The star of my destiny had risen high in the cloudless heavens. Fame's serpent fingers had woven a glittering coronet, to twine around my brow. The goal of my ambition was won. For this I had given my peace of soul, for this I had bartered the holiest boon of woman's life. In the still night watches, o'er weary leagues and trackless wastes, my spirit cried out in bitterness for its early love, but the memory-voices brought back one only mocking echo, *lost, lost*.

Five years had flown since my cruel desertion, but in their flight had brought no tidings of the forsaken one. I had performed my rounds in ceaseless circles, like the charmed bird, gradually nearing the home-nest, till I was to sing that night within ten miles of my former residence. I sat in the twilight of early June, musing on the strange events of my past life, when a tide of varied recollections flooded my soul at the thought of being so near the object of my former love. A withered rose fell from the volume I held in my hand, and lay trembling in the sunshine at my feet. At the sight of that cherished keepsake, a thousand tender remembrances awoke anew to life, which I had hoped forever buried with the retreating past—remembrances of the sweet babe, sleeping beneath the willows, of him, whom I had promised before God and the angels, to love through all coming time; and beneath their softening touch, she, the haughty, world-renowned singer, wept in humbleness and shame, and in that hour of sorrow and contrition I had given vows could I have felt his kiss of forgiveness on my lips, his hand in blessing on my head. A strange fancy seized me that night, and guided by its impulse, I pushed aside the glittering pile of costly robes, and arrayed myself in a simple dress of spotless white, twined one rose bud 'mid the folds of my midnight hair; and but for a yearning, weary look round the curving lip, the face and form which I surveyed in the mirror, were but little changed from that fearful night of years ago. A feverish excitement lent a new charm to my tongue, and I had never sung with a greater brilliancy than on that eventful evening. A mysterious presence seemed ever near me, and my glance constantly wandered over the crowd of spectators, as if seeking some familiar face. I had reached the concluding piece; 'twas a favorite song of my husband's, and its sweet strains gushed forth with a strange power and earnestness, when, as my glance wandered again its accustomed round, it met the gaze of a searching eye, and seemed riveted to the spot; that noble form, that lofty brow and wealth of gold brown locks; I could not be deceived. It was he, my long lost husband. A strange, shuddering sensation crept round my heart; the last note faltered on my tongue like a dying wail; lights, spectators, all fled from my vision.

I awoke to consciousness in my own apartments, with a crowd of anxious faces bent above me; but refusing all comfort and sympathy I wildly retreated to the left alone. Alone with my thoughts the events of the past evening rushed across my mind, and I knew the scene I had witnessed had been no idle dream, but a living reality. A voice from the secret depths of my own heart pleaded a return, a voice from the willow grave and Eden home whispered "come," and I obeyed the call. Way-worn and weary with a fearful presentiment of evil pressing at my heart, at nightfall I hastened up the gravel walk that led to my husband's splendid mansion, the air of silence and desolation which reigned without, but strengthened my fears. HARRYING past groups of afflicted servants, who gazed upon me as some specter from the dead, up the broad staircase my feet felt rather than went, my heart told me where, pausing not till I reached the door of my husband's apartment. Noiselessly I entered the darkened room. A ray of light from a half closed shutter revealed to me, a prostrate form beneath the snowy coverlet. It was my husband. I bent above the pallid face, showered wild kisses on lip and brow, and fondly called the endearing name, but no answering consciousness came, no look of recognition answer-

ed my imploring gaze. O, my heart was well nigh breaking then, and kneeling by his bedside I poured forth one fervent anguished petition into the ear of the All Merciful, for the restoration to life and health of my precious one.

It was agonizing to listen to his ravings, sometimes in fervent, anguished tones begging me not to leave him, and then in low, piteous pleadings calling on his Isabel to come back to him once more. Days and weeks I watched beside him, allowing no other to take my place, and though to my questioning, the white haired physician would answer me by a mournful shake of the head, yet I never faltered or doubted, but my loved one would be restored. My voice possessed a magic spell to hush into quiet his wild ravings, my hand a soothing power to lull the wearied brow to rest, and thro' the long hours I sat and watched beside him, yearning so earnestly for the beam of intelligence to come back once more to the gleaming eye. The crisis came at last, and with the awakening, the kind old physician told me with tearful eye, he had hope of reason's return.

I watched his quiet breathing with fluttering heart and dimming eyes. At last the eyelids slowly unclosed, wandering from one object to another, resting at last on my tearful face. There was a nervous quiver of the pale lips, and then trembled forth the love words, "O, Isabelle my darling, tell me 'tis no dream that you have indeed come back to me once more." "O, my husband, can you forgive me these cruel years of neglect and desertion?"

He drew my head down to his old resting place on his bosom, and there with his cheek pressed close to mine, and his kiss of forgiveness on my lips, my weary head reposed in a sweeter slumber than it had known for five long years. His recovery was rapid from then, and with my assistance he was soon able to go about his accustomed haunts. But the scenes through which I had passed the few past weeks, proved too much for my shattered strength, and I sank on a bed of sickness in all the delirium of a fever. Sometimes, with wild songs gushing on my lips, and the flush of triumph on my brow, before an assembled throng I stood, and again through blind pathways, 'neath the starless skies I wandered, seeking my husband's love. It was his voice which recalled my wandering senses to life and happiness again. I arose from that bed of sickness a changed, but better woman. Each had much to tell the other of the past. My husband had indeed long and vainly sought me without being able to obtain any clue of the wandering one. He had heard of the fame of Gabrielle the gifted singer, little dreaming that she and his lost darling were one and the same. Learning that she was to sing so near, he resolved to be one of the number to listen to her songs that night, and renew among the countless throngs, his search once more, with but a faint hope of success. He went, and found in the person of the far-famed singer, his long lost Isabelle. The discovery was too much for his shattered nerves, and a long illness followed.

Two years have passed since the prodigal's return, two years of almost perfect joy and peace. I sit in the twilight shadows and fold a sweet babe to my bosom, with eyes and hair like my lost darling's. The songs which I now sing are breathed for my husband's ear alone, or in hushing my infant to rest, and I gaze into the violet depths of the eyes which look love into mine, I breathe a silent prayer to the heavenly throne that her tender years may be spared so bitter a fate as mine has been.

Ought a Man to Laugh.

Sometimes the most sober do it. A correspondent living in central Indiana communicates the following: "At our eleven o'clock preaching last Sabbath, Oct. 30, the presiding elder was filling the pulpit. A ministerial brother, in order the better to hear, took a chair and sat in front of the desk on the platform. The sermon was, perhaps, half through and half the congregation were in tears, when our brother of the platform, wiping his eyes and pushing his chair unconsciously back, lost his centre of gravity, and his chair and self went over the platform's edge to the floor. The change from tears to the opposite state was sudden. Grave as was the elder, it was not difficult to see the wrinkles of laughter in his face. I myself could not restrain my risibles, and as to the congregation the demonstration was almost general. The brother who fell gathered himself as fast as he could, appearing exceedingly mortified at the mishap." We were witness ourselves of a scene nearly similar to the above, on a late Sabbath, and thought at the time how necessary it was for a man to have his eyes about him all the while, as well as his ears.—[Meth. Prot.]

We should be honest, because we are directed to be so by the most lofty and undying principles.

[FROM THE "DOLLAR NEWSPAPER"—CHIEF.]

Franz Dutckin.

BY J. GILLON.

Franz Dutckin was a little old man, who lived in a little old house, on the banks of the Rhine, and it would have puzzled a wiser person than you or I, kind reader, to tell which was the elder, the dry brown old house or brown dry looking old man who lived in it. Both seemed as though they might have challenged King Time to a trial of strength and patience, and have come off the victor.

The little old house stood in the midst of great cosy-looking barns and outhouses, two or three times as large as itself, and evening and morning the air was filled with the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the busy cackle of poultry and all the sounds which speak of home comfort and happiness; but if Franz Dutckin's cattle lowed of any such thing, they forever forfeited their character for veracity, for Franz was guiltless of having shed one beam of joy or gladness on a human soul, since the days when he lay on his mother's breast and woke in her heart the sweet joy of maternity. One thing only Franz Dutckin loved—money.

That he loved truly, and bowed himself, body, soul and spirit, in the dust before it. It was all he had to love; the smiling face of a wife had never brightened the brown old house, nor the merry voices of children woke its sleeping echoes since Franz Dutckin called himself its master; he said women had grown lazy and extravagant, and he was to poor himself to keep a wife in idleness. But if you had seen how scornfully the Rhine maidens tossed their heads, and curled their bright red lips, you would have sworn it was because no one would have him for all his gold. Franz had a brother, Rudolph, who resembled him but in one thing, the name of Dutckin. They had started in life with equal stores of this world's goods, but while gold flowed in a steady stream into the strong box of Franz and stuck there as if welded and welded fast, Rudolph seemed gifted with the fatal power of turning every coin he touched to air, for none ever remained in his hands, and his fortune dwindled in spite of all his efforts to turn the tide the other way. Such was his ill luck that I doubt not, had he been set down in the valley of Golconda, the diamonds would have turned to worthless pebbles at his feet. Though poor in the wealth of this world, Rudolph was rich in heart treasures. He had a rosy-cheeked, round headed, but tender-hearted wife, who tolled with him early and late, always cheerful and contented, and eight lusty little ones, who made the house merry with their gambols. Nevertheless it must be admitted that, highly as these heart treasures are prized by their possessors, and I have heard very poor men say worlds could not buy them, they are better calculated to drag a man down to poverty's dark vale, rather than elevate him to the fair and sunny placid of affluence. Down the grim descent Rudolph slipped, slipped, slipped, despite all his struggles, till he landed at the bottom, sick and penniless. The true-hearted wife, rosy-cheeked no longer, wept, and labored, and prayed, but ten months were lost to fill, and one blustering November day found them keeping a forced fast, with no prospect of a feast to top off with.

Then the poor wife threw her coarse shawl over her head, and with a sinking heart sallied forth amid the rain and sleet, to try if Franz could be prevailed on, by the pleading of suffering kindred, to part with some of his hoarded wealth. Along the muddy road she toiled; the blustering wind almost blew her away, the rain and sleet beat in her face, but she heeded them not; her heart was at home with her sick husband and starving children. By and by the window of the little brown house glimmered in the distance, and soon the poor woman, timidly peeping in, saw Franz Dutckin sitting in his arm-chair before a blazing fire, smoking his pipe in cheerful comfort. While she gazed, there was a whirr among the wheels of the quaint old clock that stood on the mantel shelf, blinking in the fire light. Out popped a little man in a red night cap, who held a bag, marked gold, in each hand; he clanked them together six times, nodding and rolling his head all the time at Franz, who nodded too, and then popped back into the old clock, and all was silent. Six o'clock, yes, six o'clock, and the deepening gloom warned her to hesitate no longer. Her timid knock brought Franz to the door; and as she began with trembling voice and sinking heart to pour forth her sorrowful tale, he made a motion as if he would push her away with his hands, saying, "Go, go, I cannot help it if my brother is lazy, and has a great pack of children; he must feed himself."

The hot tears streamed over her cheeks, washing off the cold fog and sleet, as she said, turning sadly away: "Pray Jesus the gold you have refused the poor may never weigh so heavy on your soul as I cannot mount to glory."

Franz Dutckin stood looking at her as she plodded along the darkening road, and not till she was lost amid mist, mud and darkness, did he turn to his bright again in his arm-chair before the fire; but a spell had fallen over him; nothing was so bright and comfortable as before. When he looked into the fire, he saw the figure he had been watching walking down its glowing alleys, with sometimes in its companion the slender, boyish form of the poor scholar he had so rudely turned from his door that day. If he looked at his blinking old clock, their faces peeped at him from every quaint moulding; they were on the walls everywhere; his mind was full of them; and ever as he began to count over to himself the wealth of his bustling barns the good wife's words, "Pray Jesus the gold you have refused the poor may never weigh so heavy on your soul as I cannot mount to glory," blotted out his calculations, and he had to begin all over again. 'Twas strange, he wondered at himself; such acts were no new thing; they constituted his life; but never before had they disturbed him. He filled his pipe, heaped the great logs on his fire, and tried to forget, but in vain; the blazing logs crackled the poor woman's words; they formed the burden of the cricket's song; the very smoke of his pipe twined itself into her face, as it curled upwards and faded away. At length, being unable to banish these thoughts, Franz not only suffered them patiently, but even began to calculate how much gold would be required to weigh down a man's soul, and almost to wish, wicked fellow that he was, that some demon would give him the trial, not that he wished or was willing to be damned, but then he could think of twenty plans to keep the gold and cheat the devil. In such thoughts as these time slipped by; the fire smouldered to glowing coals; shadows crept out on the walls; the wheels of the old clock began to rattle, and forth from his retreat started the little man in the red night cap, and changed his bags together twelve times. This Franz expected; but what was his astonishment when, instead of retiring modestly into his den, as was his wont, the goblin, demon, or whatever he was, winked his eye and nodded his head at Franz; and, after cutting a few funny capers, seated himself on the mantel shelf. Franz was bewildered; he rubbed his eyes, and looked and rubbed them again; but they persisted in saying that the little man in the red night cap was sitting there, knocking his heels together, and nodding and winking as though there was some deep secret between them.

"I can do it for you, Franz Dutckin," said he, with a knowing wink; "I can do it. Look at these; they are full of gold." And he shook his tiny bags triumphantly in the air. Franz could not forbear a laugh. A thousand such Lilliputian bags would not have been a drop in the bucket to his desire. "Never fear," said the little demon, frowning angrily, "I could pour enough gold from them to buy you, if I pleased. Lay down and put your strong box on your breast, and I will pour in gold as long as you can bear its weight; but have a care you do not let me give you more than you can lift, for though I may give, I cannot take it from you."

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Franz did as he was bid, and the little demon, perching himself on the side of the box, commenced pouring in a steady stream of gold from his little bags. At first Franz was very cautious trying the weight of the box every second or so; but at last the glittering stream so bewitched and excited him, that though he felt the weight beginning to crush him, he could not bear to cry enough. He tried its weight once more, and found his utmost strength barely sufficient to move it. "Stop, stop now," cried he, but with a sigh, for he still longed for more.

"Oh! no, not yet; you are not allowing for my weight," said the little demon briskly, at the same time pouring in such a quantity that Franz screamed out in agony he was dying. With a malicious laugh, the little demon sat for a time watching his ineffectual struggles and mocking his agony, and then skipped off and left him writhing and groaning in despair.

Vain were all his struggles; days, months, years passed slowly by, still he lay weighed to the earth by the load of wealth which seemed crushing out his life, and yet he could not die. After many years, or ages, as they seemed, he knew instinctively that the end of all things was at hand, and the messengers of God were gathering the righteous together, to save them from the destruction which was coming upon the world. His heart was filled with terror and despair, for he was pinned to the earth by his cursed gold, and must perish with it in the flames. While he was weeping and struggling, there entered an angelic form,

bright and majestic, followed by his poor brother, his wife and children, and merry friends and neighbors. They came and stood sorrowfully around him, and the angel said: "You are all this poor man's friends or neighbors; there must be some among you whom he has helped in poverty or sickness, or comforted in sorrow. Any one he has helped may help him now."

A solemn silence reigned; and as Franz looked from face to face, he tried in vain to remember one kind act, but in its stead a long array of harsh deeds and harsher words filled his heart with remorse, and tinged his cheek with a blush of shame. The angel turned sorrowfully to Rudolph, saying, "You are his brother—you were sick and your children wanted bread; surely then he gave you of his bounty. You can help him." But Rudolph sadly shook his head, and his wife covered her weeping face. Then the angel wept and turned away, and all friends, neighbors and brother passed from the room. The last to go was the poor wife, who, turning her face, all streaming with tears, as he had seen it that November night, said: "The gold you have refused the poor has weighed you to the earth so that you never can mount to glory." She then disappeared.

There are moments in which the agony suffers is compressed, and the soul suffers an eternity. Such to Franz was that which followed her departure, when he was left to meet his doom in utter loneliness, unseen and unaided. His agony was too great to bear. While he shrieked and struggled, the earth gave way beneath him, and he felt himself falling—falling—falling—till he was "brought up all standing," as sailors say; by his blue tiled hearth, and opening his eyes, he found himself reposing among the dead embers. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The moon was shining brightly through the little window; but no trace of box, gold or demon remained. He looked fearfully at his old clock, and actually trembled when the little man in the red night cap popped out and proclaimed four o'clock.

Franz sat for a few moments in deep thought; then starting up, he aroused his sleeping servants, and such a bustling and running to and fro I am sure had never been seen since the old brown house was a house; and before another hour had passed, Franz was rapidly driving his wagon, richly laden with good things, towards the town. Great was the amazement of poor Rudolph and his wife when Franz drove up in the early daylight and they learned his errand, (for he kept his dream to himself), and great was the surprise of the neighborhood when it was noised abroad that Franz, after turning a beggar from his door, had pursued and brought him back to be clothed and fed. Many were the bright spots of wit expended on him, to the effect that sudden amendment boded death. Nevertheless, Franz Dutckin lived to a good old age, growing better each day, loving gold less and his fellow men more; but he gave away the quaint old clock which had taught him such a lesson, for the little man with his bags of gold awoke unpleasant thoughts whenever he appeared. Rudolph did not long deserve the epithet of poor, for through the assistance of Franz and his own exertions, peace and plenty soon crowned his dwelling.

Flowers.

How the universal heart of man blessed flowers! They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb! The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far west clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers and orange buds are the bridal ornaments with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar; and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—[Lydia M. Child.]

A Schenectady paper describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says: "When the gale was at its height, the unfortunate craft keeled to leeward, and the captain and another ask of whiskey rolled overboard."

One of the most distinguished medical practitioners used to say, that he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion, that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass, he slipped a quarter from one pocket into the other.

A small boy walking in the street with a big hat on, a stranger cries out: "Halloo! hat, where are you going with that boy?"